

he which, owing to the breaking down of a bridge over the Desjardins' Canal, so many people were ushered into the presence of their Maker. In the first car, which plunged down the abyss, nearly every person perished. Among the escaped were two children, who lost their father and mother and other relatives. This is the story of their rescue. "A woman, who lives near the scene of disaster, and who was the first to witness it, gives some interesting particulars about the two children—Doyles—who so miraculously escaped. She rushed down the hill to the cars. Indeed the poor woman literally rolled down, for it was so steep and slippery she could not keep her feet; and the first object that met her attention was the poor little girl, about eight years of age, on a cake of ice. The little thing said, "oh, don't mind me, I am my brother," and the poor little fellow was at the moment with his chin barely above water, at the top of one of the windows, imploring some one to drag him out. The woman, though the ice was broken some distance round the car, managed to reach him; and after rescuing him, rushed up the hill with one child in her arms, and got a passenger who was himself badly wounded, to carry the girl on his back. She put them to bed; and strange to say, they got up with scarcely a mark." This terrible event tells us in loud tones, that we are but pilgrims here. Whither are you journeying young reader? Do you hear about with you the pilgrim spirit?

MISCELLANEOUS

A Scotch Sabbath.

The following, from Frazer's Magazine for last month is remarkable as affording a testimony in favor of the strict Sabbath observance of the Scotch, from one who only looks at the matter in a worldly point of view:—"A Sunday at the sea-side, or as people prefer calling it, a Sabbath, is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses, which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. Every one, of course goes to church on Sunday morning. No Glasgow man who values his character will stay away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore—the shadows of the distant mountains, the smooth sea, the church bells faintly heard from across the water, the universal turning out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. There is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones, there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week days, is to day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no excursion trains, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open, but it is a day of quiet, domestic enjoyment, not saddened, but hallowed, by the recognized sacredness of the day. The truth is the feeling of the Sabbath is so ingrained into the nature of most Scotchmen by their early training, that they could not enjoy Sunday pleasure. Their religious sense—their superstition, if you choose—would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion.

Lord Palmerston's Episcopal appointments.

The anti-Ministerial *Press*, following, however, in the wake of the Ministerial *Times* assaults, *en masse*, Lord Palmerston's ecclesiastical appointments, on the two grounds of being, 1. Unfair, as taking exclusively from one section of the church; and 2. Faulty as preferring men of little learning, and very moderate desert. Now, to these charges we shall "give place by subjection"—no, not for an hour!"—believing both of the accusations to be demonstrably untrue.

First, it is far from being true that the bishops selected by Lord Palmerston have been all of one class or school. Dr Longly, Dr Tait, Dr Villiers, and Dr Baring were not of identical views in Church matters. The fact, therefore is mis-stated. But is it a new thing for a Premier to bestow his Church preferment in a particular line, and upon some definite principle? If we go back to the times of Lord Liverpool do we not find one uniform series of High Church appointments,—the Howleys, Tomlins, Van Milderts, Monks, Sparkes, Bethells, and Careys? But did the Evangelical of those days threaten us, as the *Times and Press* threaten us now with a Free Church,—a secession, unless they were admitted to a share in the preferments? No, for many long years they quietly saw all the honours, and dignities allotted to their opponents, and they submitted without complaining. Again under the Melbourne regime, was the case altered? Not at all, as to the general principle. We still had episcopal appointments of one class. We had the Maltbys, Otters, Thirlwalls, Hampdens,—Whigs, and therefore liberal after a manner but not evangelical. Still the Evangelical party in the Church offered no remonstrance. But now, when three or four bishops have been taken from the Evangelical body, we hear threats of actual secession from the High Church organs unless they are allowed a "fair share" of the preferments!

The second accusation, however, is the one most frequently used, and it is the one which we most desire to grapple with. It is constantly assumed, not proved, that the last four or five bishops have been unlearned men and therefore unfit to occupy such high positions in the Church. Learning, like many other things, is great or small by comparison. Probably the head master of Westminster School, or of Eton, may look down with contempt upon the learning of a mere parochial clergyman, and yet the parochial clergyman may have far more knowledge of the practical duties of a parish minister, and be by far the fittest man to be bishop; and this although the schoolmaster might leave him far behind in Greek criticism. The real truth however, in this matter is only to be found by a close comparison. Let us go back just thirty years, and take four or five bishops, made about that period, by Lord Liverpool. Here are their names:—Bishop of Winchester, Dr Summer; Bishop of Carlisle, Dr Percy; Bishop of Lincoln,

Dr Kaye; Bishop of Rochester, Dr Murray. Now we shall not disparage these prelates, but simply assert, without fear of contradiction, that in scholarship the recently appointed prelates, Bishop of London, Dr Tait; Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Villiers; Bishop of Gloucester, Dr Baring; Bishop of Ripon, Dr Bickersteth, are fully equal to the former four. We shall only add that, of the bishops appointed in 1827, Dr Kaye of Lincoln was by far the most learned man; and he was also indubitably the most inefficient bishop of the four. But we pass on to the Whig Administrations of 1835-41. Here we have a different class, such as Dr Allen, Bishop of Ely; Dr Butler, Bishop of Lichfield; Dr Stanley, Bishop of Norwich; Dr Denison, Bishop of Salisbury; Dr Pepys, Bishop of Worcester. Again we meet the comparison fearlessly, and assert our conviction that Dr Villiers, Dr Bickersteth, Dr Tait, Dr Baring and Dr Pelham, will show themselves fully as efficient bishops as the three Whig schoolmasters and two Whig gentlemen who were appointed between 1837 and 1840.

But, after all, the test has been already applied, the decision is already known. Lord Liverpool, by his "high and dry" bishops, Lord Melbourne, by his Whig promotion, never excited the slightest feeling of pleasure or gratitude on the part of the public. But Palmerston, by this one feature of his Administration, has first gained for himself many new friends in the House of Commons and then has found himself the object of the nation's gratitude in the trying ordeal of a general election. Has this been the result of wrong doing? No indeed! There never was a purer or a more sincere or disinterested feeling than that which led multitudes to exclaim, in the course of the last three weeks:

"Though I am a Conservative, I cannot vote against Lord Palmerston."—*London Record*.

THE MONTHLY RECORD.

JUNE, 1857.

A Sermon,

Preached on the 1st March, 1857, being the first Sabbath after the funeral of HENRY RAMSAY, Esq. By the Rev. WILLIAM SNOODGRASS, Minister of St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

This is an excellent discourse, on a most important subject, addressed to a large and attentive audience, on a very solemn and melancholy occasion, by one of our ablest ministers. Few persons have descended to the grave more highly respected, or more sincerely lamented, than the late HENRY RAMSAY, of Montreal. No subject could be selected more adapted to the circumstances, or more calculated to soothe the